

**THE
FIRST BOOKE**
of Songes or Ayres

Robert Iones

1600

12. Farewell dear loue.

1

Farewell dear loue since thou wilt needs be gone,
Mine eies do shew my life is almost gone,
 Nay I will neuer die,
 So long as I can spie,
 There be many mo,
 Though that she doe go,
There be many mo I feare not,
Why then let her goe I care not.

2

Farewell, farewell, since this I finde is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you:
 But I will seeke elsewhere,
 If I may find her there,
 Shall I bid her goe,
 What and if I doe ?
Shall I bid her goe and spare not,
Oh no no no no I dare not.

3

Ten thousand times farewell, yet stay a while,
Sweet kisse me once, sweet kisses time beguile:
 I haue no power to moue,
 How now, am I in loue ?
 Wilt thou needs be gone ?
 Go then, all is one,
Wilt thou needs be gone ? oh hie thee,
Nay, stay and doe no more denie mee.

4

Once more farewell, I see loth to depart,
Bids oft adew to her that holdes my hart:
 But seeing I must loose,
 Thy loue which I did chuse:
 Go thy waies for me,
 Since it may not be,
Go thy waies for me, but whither ?
Go, oh but where I may come thither.

5

What shall I doe ? my loue is now departed,
Shee is as faire as shee is cruell harted:
 Shee would not be intreated,
 With praiers oft repeated:
 If shee come no more,
 Shall I die therefore,
If shee come no more, what care I ?
Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.